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SUNDAY, MAY 27, 1923.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

WASHINGTON, May 27.—For Lower Michigan: Fair Sunday, slowly rising temperature, winds becoming southerly.

REVISED THE LIST.

Don's referees were in town yesterday. They came by chance. The reporter very agreeably surmises that some psychic force operated to set their faces toward this city. Whether this be true or otherwise, the referees certainly came. They engaged room No. 10 in the Morton and by some occult destiny one after another drifted into the rendezvous. It was not a political symposium to agree upon the distribution of federal patronage—every one of them disavowed any such premeditated design.

It was simply an accidental meeting—a chance bumping up against one another. It could not have been anything more. It's a way peculiar to referees. Congressman Richardson happened to be in from the suburbs and he dropped in on the council. This very instance proves that it was a coincidental, non-political accident. The fact that no body but the referees and the congressman was permitted to be present at the "social" has no significance.

To the men in the background the meeting meant a whole animal cage full of mischief. The attack of Dan Campbell on Don must be rebuked, and the referees met here to rebuke him. The fifth district was carefully canvassed. Richardson's list of postmasters was reviewed and the name of every Campbell man scratched. He was told who and when to appoint postmasters. That was the chief object of the "coincidence." The same proceeding will be carried out in every district having a democrat congressman. The referees will attend to other districts themselves.

Incidentally Mr. Carroll was ratified for the local postoffice, and Mr. Farr was turned down as a candidate for revenue collector.

CHARACTER AND REPUTATION.

If a man possesses real character no amount of misrepresentation and untruth can injure it. Unless he shall commit an open crime and the same shall be proved he can suffer no damage in reputation except it be deserved. To tell the truth of a good man gone wrong is no libel; to tell a falsehood of a good man whose reputation is above reproach can do him no lasting injury.

No man's character possesses a commercial value. It stands as the embodiment of virtue and is above price; or else it stands as an index to vice and is worthless. Between the extremes there is no mean. A man is either essentially good or bad. He may deceive the public, many, perhaps the majority do so under the polish of good manners, but the bad will discover themselves sooner or later.

It follows that the good man has no sufficient reason to exact blood money for defamation of character. The bad man has every reason to do so. That constitutes his capital. His reputation is mythical and mystical, therefore it must be preserved either at the expense of virtue or somebody's unwilling purse. The good man is trusted and respected and honored for his inherent qualities of manhood. The bad man courts honor and respect by assuming to be that which he is not. Having no character to lose, his reputation for good depending upon his continued deceit, it is a monumental travesty on justice to compel the truth to make sacrificial reparation for a purely visionary injury.

LEGISLATIVE FREAKS.

As the people advance in intelligence legislative bodies yield to the elevating tonic and shake themselves free from venal and corrupt legislation. The short session of the legislature just closed was remarkably clear of corruption. Even at the time excitement was at fever heat over the senatorial election no charges of bribery were preferred. No bill has been passed to which the taint of boodle attaches. It was a clear, honest legislature although it had a few venal points.

One of these points was displayed in the passage of what is commonly known as the "tag cure" bill. This measure passed both houses without exciting any serious opposition. It carries its absurdity on its face and yet it escaped detection. In brief, it declares that it is a crime to be sick. It makes a diseased man amenable to punishment. Its commercial features are equally ludicrous.

But Michigan is not alone in curious legislative freaks. In Missouri a legislature has introduced a bill providing that any person of Chinese birth who persists in wearing his "shirt" outside of his pants shall be fined \$10. An Ohio law enacted passed a bill providing that any married man who shall fraudulently represent himself to be unmarried and

make proposals of marriage to any unmarried female of good character, or respectfully call on or keep company with such female, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor.

In Minnesota a fellow gained some notoriety in the newspapers by introducing a bill prohibiting the wearing of crinolines. An Illinois man wants to pass a bill making it illegal to exhibit for gain or profit in any show or in any public place any deformed human person or any species of human monstrosity. He probably objects to untaxed competition. Many other comical legislative measures, some of them absurdly so, have found their way into the legislatures of the various states.

The last legislature of Michigan was practically free from such fool propositions. It had an abundant harvest of buncombe resolutions, but they were cheap at best and did no harm to anybody. One of them which excited a contest in the courts, came home to roost, so to speak, later on in the session. All in all it was a very decent and respectable legislature.

SOCIAL PURITY.

In prudish circles it is fashionable to condemn the newspaper which, knowing the presence of a festering sore in society, has the moral courage to locate it and warn the public of its loathsome character. If this community harbor a vile and conscienceless villain whose chosen prey is the honor of womanhood, no loftier public service can be rendered than to tear the mask from him and expose the hideousness of his Jekyll features.

The shock from such an exposure may blanch the cheek of purity and turn to ashen the faces of fond parents whose daughters may have been contaminated by the society, the chance companionship, of a social leper. But such shock and such apprehensive fear of contagion are infinitely more endurable than the horror of parents and the shame of girlhood decayed over the verge of ruin by the blandishments of an oily tongued rascal.

By this is meant no defense of salacious scandal nor apology for malicious gossip. Neither should contaminate the newspaper. But when a man or woman violates every canon of morality and continues to pose as a decent, respectable person, the supreme duty of the newspaper is to brand such person as a menace to society, greatly more dangerous than the convicted felon.

Society may easily protect itself against openly immoral and corrupt influences. But from the wiles of the libertine who plies his craft under the guise of polished manners and Mephistophelian cunning, there is no protection to innocent girls and wives except in public exposure.

The canker that gnaws at the vitals of purity is the social evil. We hold up our hands in holy horror at the mention of human bestiality; and shed tears of shame and remorse over the graves of our dishonored loved ones. We assume pharisaical delicacy and piety in criticizing public condemnation of licentiousness; and curse man and God when our own is polluted by the breath of neighborhood gossip which might have been strangled by the prompt unmasking of the libertine. The man that condemns the newspaper, which in the fullness of a righteous desire to protect society, warns it of the bigamist, the rascal, the libertine, is a skeleton of moral villainy who fears the mirror may be held up to himself.

LOCHREN'S WEAKNESS.

Pension Commissioner Lochren is disappointing his friends by his variability. He apparently lacks the necessary decision of character to execute his convictions of right and wrong. It was stated a few days ago that he had concluded that the medical boards should be made up hereafter entirely of democrats. Now his close advisers report he has modified his conclusion.

There was a general protest against the obviously unjust proposition and he made haste to make a denial, faint-hearted, of his previously avowed intention. He will not put it into effect. He says, frankly, that he favors such a policy, and when the sentiment of the locality in which the boards do their work favored a minority representative on the board he would appoint one republican and two democrats.

Mr. Lochren meant to carry his original plan into execution, but so soon as he heard from the people he weakened. His modified application of the rule involves an absurd political anomaly. There is no locality between the two oceans in which public sentiment will be found favoring the establishment of partisan boards of medical examiners. Indeed, such a sentiment is hostile to our fundamental principles of government.

The work of reform in the pension department can never be facilitated by partisan machinery. If the rolls are to be purged of fraud and deceit the work must be done by patriots, not partisans. Mr. Lochren's weakness is exhibited at the right time and place, but it creates distrust for the future. Will he prove faint-hearted and variable when material questions are presented?

TRUE KNIGHTLINESS.

True politeness is the key to gentleness and the polish to tact. A Missouri sheriff has proved that the will west is not barren in the production of genuine courtesies of manners. The Chicago Evening Post has dug up from the mire of journalistic obscurity the following parable, which, speaking for itself, requires no diagram to enable one to locate the delicate point.

Amos M. Avery, convicted of the crime of murder, was about to pay the penalty. The sheriff had made arrangements to ship his body to Fort Scott on a certain train. Before the trip was sprung the sheriff gave Avery permission to "say a few words," and the doleful man began to speak. Fifteen minutes elapsed. Avery was still

talking and gave no evidence of fatigue. The sheriff looked at his watch. He felt nervous. The man might talk too long. Twenty minutes were gone. Amos still talked. The sheriff became restless. He held his watch open in his hand.

He counted the seconds (we quote from the press dispatch) until he lost the count. Thirty minutes, and the sheriff in despair said to Marshal Stewart: "What shall I do to stop this man?"

"I don't know, unless you tell him to stop talking."

"But I don't like to do that," said the sheriff. "Maybe he's pretty near through."

The sheriff held his watch. The doleful man talked. Fifty minutes had passed. There was no time to lose. The sheriff took a long breath and stepped to the side of the prisoner. He was exceedingly nervous and unhappy and his voice trembled a little as he said, peremptorily: "Amos, you have taken a long time. Don't you think—can't you—can't you cut it short? You—you'll miss your train."

"Is that so?" said Amos, turning toward him with an expression of surprise and vigor on his face. "Have I been talking long? Will I miss my train?"

"Yes, if you talk any longer."

"Well, I'll stop right off."

In two minutes Amos stopped talking, the drop fell, Amos Avery caught the train and his remains arrived in Fort Scott at the appointed time.

Mr. HOLLIFIELD of Newark, N. J., yesterday told the Presbyterian general assembly that the "episcopal church is the back door to Rome." He was promptly sat down upon by his colleagues. It is just possible that Mr. Hollifield has been kicked out of the episcopal church and has a painful recollection of the back door route. To say that the episcopal church is related to Rome by any bond of precept or practice is equivalent to declaring that methodism is the foot-stool of Mahomet.

One of the handsome souvenirs of the National Editorial association's excursion to the Pacific is an illustrated descriptive volume by E. G. Thompson, secretary of the Northern Indiana association. The letter press is remarkably clear and distinct while the half-tone illustrations are marvelously accurate and finished. Mr. Thompson is the editor of The Ligonier (Ind.) Leader. The work reflects great credit on his literary and artistic taste.

JACKSON clergymen, representing "10,000 Christians" of the Prison City, have telegraphed President Cleveland protesting against the opening of the world's fair on Sunday. Without questioning the veracity of the Jackson clergymen it may be proper to ask where all those Christians reside? If there are 10,000 church members in Jackson the city has made a phenomenal sprint since the last census was taken.

REV. BOWMAN YOUNG of St. Louis paid his respects to the secular press at Chicago yesterday by denouncing the publication of a certain class of news as "wicked, sinful, unholy, villainous, vile, damnable, inspired by the devil in a lust for gain," etc. Of course these charming invectives are the choicest gems of literature for the young, but the secular press would decline to use them if falling from other lips than a preacher's.

RAINY weather compelled the Infanta to cancel her engagement to visit West Point. She will make the visit Monday attended by 100 of New York's swell society crowd, and the cadets may be expected to make the reception a memorable one. The school is one of the best in the world, and the Infanta will be sure to be delighted with the evolutions of the future generals of America.

MR. CAMPBELL is out with a statement in which his position is modestly defined. He says he is working in the interest of party organization and although balked by secret influences he will remain steadfast in his allegiance to the immortal principles of Jackson, etc. One of the principles is, "To the victors belong the spoils," but Dan seems to be a badly spoiled victor.

In enlarging its field of usefulness so as to include the protection of children the Humane society has demonstrated its purpose to be recognized as an indispensable adjunct to our civilization. Cruelty to animals is bad enough, but cruelty to children is so much worse it is astonishing that the laws have not been extended and enlarged before now.

YESTERDAY District Attorney Milchrist petitioned the United States court for an injunction to restrain the opening of the world's fair on Sunday. Today the gates will be thrown wide open. Chicago's "I will" is more overmastering than Uncle Sam's "you won't."

COMPLAINT is made that public sympathy and support are withheld from the Waterloo Street mission. This should not be so. The work is of vast importance to the persons reached by such endeavor and it should neither lack for funds nor die for the want of sympathy.

THIS week all Russia will celebrate the tenth anniversary of the coronation of the Czar. The tenth year of his reign began yesterday. The nihilists are not expected to add a dynamite explosion to the gay and costly festivities.

CLEVELAND has appointed an anti-snapper named John B. Riley to be consul general at Ottawa, Canada. Whether he is the renowned hotel-keeper or a bank cashier is not made public.

McDUFFY, the Newyork county butler, vendor, has been "kicked" by a hired man. He ought to have continued his horse ahead of his cart in such a slippery game.

ONE of the clerks in a department at Washington contributed \$100 to the campaign fund of each party. He is now out \$200 and a job.

HOCK SMITH has begun the war on the pension roll by reversing one of the fairest decisions made by his predecessors.

OUR YOUNG MERCHANT.

Walter R. Meech of the firm of Palmer, Meech & Co., proprietors of one of the most extensive book-selling houses in the state, is a Kent county boy by birth. He was born in Paris township October 12, 1861, where he lived on his father's farm until 17 years of age. He attended a district school during the winter months and in the summer worked on the farm. Being of a natural business turn of mind the farm became unattractive to him and he secured a position with the grocery firm of Herrick Randall as a driver of a city delivery wagon. He was diligent, steady and trustworthy and in due course of time was promoted to a clerkship. Within five years from the time he began as a delivery boy he was a member of the firm, with bright prospects before him. He remained as a member



WALTER R. MEECH.

of the firm for three years, when he and Mr. Randall sold their interests to the other partner. He then took a trip to the Pacific coast, where he remained a few months for pleasure. When he returned he entered the employ of the I. M. Clark Grocer company, where he remained one year. He spent the following year with Spring & Co., and in the fall of 1891 resigned to accept the agency at Key West, Florida, and Havana, Cuba, for a Michigan flouring company. The following April Mr. Meech returned to this city, and in May formed a partnership with the firm of which he is now a member. His business relations among the best citizens of the city, and of a character that will prove to be of incalculable value. He is also well known in society circles where he is highly esteemed and respected. He has been an active member of the Young People's society of All Soul's Universalist church for several years, and also one of the church's most popular ushers. He has been so absorbed in business that he has given little or no attention to courtship and marriage, and is now a bachelor.

STATE PRESS SENTIMENT.

People who are astonished at the vim and vigor with which the birthday of a queen who is used merely for ornamental purposes overlook a great fact in human nature—the fact that any other excuse for a general holiday would result in equal demonstrations of jubilation.—Detroit Tribune.

Local municipal suffrage has been extended to women in Michigan, a bill to that effect having passed the legislature, and it only awaits the signature of the governor, which is assured. There can be no reasonable objection to this. It is in harmony with the progressive spirit of the age.—Saginaw Courier.

Maxwell is cutting off official heads at the rate of ten per hour, or one every six minutes between sunrise and sunset of each day, and yet the anxious ones think he is moving slow.—Kalamazoo Gazette.

It will be a short time between winters this year in the upper lake region. Steamers are still fighting ice on Lake Superior, and Port Arthur is pretty well blockaded.—Adrian Times.

Five years ago Cleveland regarded a surplus as a menace to the country. Now he is looking for one, and he appears to want it bad.—State Republican.

HIT AND MISS BRIEFS.

How terrible it would be if some one should mar the punctilio of New York's reception to the Spanish princess by a real Americanism!—New York Press.

The Brooklyn Handicap demonstrates that horse racing is somewhat more uncertain than Tammany politics.—New York Advertiser.

It is now quite popular among people of fashion and culture to know who John Ruskin is and what he did.—Chicago Record.

Office seekers can take courage. The keyholes of the White house front door have not been plugged yet!—Chicago Interior.

The republican party is trying to reinforce itself with crinolines, but what it particularly needs is brains.—St. Louis Republican.

If the Colorado lines keep on cutting rates a little longer no poor man can afford to remain at home.—San Francisco Examiner.

A florist says: "Cat tails boiled for ten minutes will not drop off." How about the cats?—New York Journal.

Diablo's victory seems to show that the devil takes care of his own—name sake.—New York Recorder.

The "shut that door" crank is now howling to have the windows opened.—Swansea Gazette.

POINTS ABOUT MEN.

The sale of Mr. Ruskin's works, it is said, is his only income; and a great part of that goes to an army of pensioners to whom, in the days of his wealth, he assigned himself—needy relatives and friends discharged servants, and institutions in which he took an interest some time or other.

Mr. Swinburne, who, it is said, had aspirations for the post of laureate, recently bestowed upon John Ruskin, is reported to be composing a "Unionist Song," which is intended to make Mr. Gladstone uncomfortable.

Guy de Maupassant is feared to be hopelessly insane. He is in what his doctors call a vegetative state and incapable of connecting two ideas together, or perhaps of conceiving a single one strongly.

Pope Leo sends hundreds of birds to the Roman hospital every day. During his morning walks in the Vatican gardens he catches the birds with nets, a spot which he practices when bishop of Perugia.

Prof. Ernst Curtius, who is now in his 77th year, has resigned his post of permanent secretary to the Academy of

Sciences at Berlin, which he has held for the last thirty years.

ALLEGED TO BE FUNNY.

Officer Flynn—Come now, as you don't get away from there I'll run you in.

Boy (speaking through fence)—Say, Cap? If you'll let me see his double play out I'll let ye take me to de island for life.—Puck.

The Beauty's Friend—I'm so glad to hear you are to marry Jack Crusoe. It's really a golden engagement for you.

The Beauty—Exactly so—it's my fiftieth.—Kate Field's Washington.

Longer—Why did you refuse to sell that man any stamps?

Drug Clerk—He looked too healthy. We only sell stamps to people likely to need medicine.—Indianapolis Journal.

Young Man—So Miss Ella is your oldest sister? Who comes next her?

Small Brother—Nobody ain't come as yet; but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her.—Tit Bits.

Professor in Mathematics XX—Do you understand the theory of limits, Mr. Butch?

Mr. Butch—No, sir; I never play poker.—Harvard Lampoon.

HOTEL CHATS.

Dr. C. J. Reynolds of Colorado Springs was smoking an after dinner cigar in the Morton yesterday and between puffs chatted for a few moments on Colorado's beautiful winter resort. Said he: "In the past three years Colorado Springs has made vast strides in the way of improvement. I don't know how many sandstone blocks have been put up in that time, but they cost several millions. You know they are made of the red stone which is quarried near Manitou and which is very soft, but turns hard as flint when exposed to the atmosphere. We have one of the finest systems of electric railways in the country, run to Manitou, through old town Colorado City, the old capital of the state, and to North and South Cheyenne canons. At South Cheyenne it looks as though a camp had been struck that will make Cripple creek rustle. Gold! Any amount of it in sight and more for the asking. The Cripple creek country is just back of Pike's Peak, near Florissant and three miles from the springs. There is a camp that is in a camp. But Colorado is a state of surprises, and the vast mineral wealth is just faintly becoming known. Ophir will be Colorado before long. The cattle industry is booming and the stock at commands the highest prices. Crops? You know Colorado will grow up to know no body pays attention to crops. Too slow a way of making money. John G. Shields, formerly a wholesale grocer in Grand Rapids, is in the same business in Colorado Springs, but as a side issue he is interested in Cripple creek mines, which are paying big money. Even servant girls have interests in mines and grow rich."

Senator Peter Doran wandered into the Morton yesterday afternoon, just from Lansing, where he incidentally attended the obsequies of the legislature and laid out Mr. Corbett, not the pugilist, but the superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph company, by the defeat of the telegraph bill. Corbett told the senator that he would never forget him if the bill was not brought up. This made the Grand Rapids champion crazy, and he set out to have the bill brought up and defeated. When Senator Doran got the floor an effort was made to have a lot of bills read, and the clerks would have still been at it. Doran slipped around and had Senator Earl move to suspend the rules, he supporting the motion and speaking against the bill. It was defeated after a tilt with Senator Burt, who also opposed the appropriation for the cottages at the soldiers' home for inmate's wives. A little judicious irony and a few wires pulled and Senator Doran had the measure put through. In speaking of the defeat of the telegraph bill, he said: "There was a lot of bills passed, some good, and more that were bad. Eight hundred thousand dollars more were appropriated by this legislature than by any other, but it can't be helped. I helped pass the bill letting the military go to Chicago for encampment instead of Island Lake. The boys wanted to see the fair, and why not gratify them?" With his usual modesty Senator Doran declined to talk on what he had done for Grand Rapids.

Dr. C. H. White of Reed City dined at the Livingston yesterday. Dr. White takes care of the injured on the G. R. & I. at that point. It is fortunate that the doctor's practice is not confined to that, as there are no accidents on that branch of the road.

G. H. Force, a resident of Lowell, who staked his faith and dollars in the new electric power plant, is at the Livingston. D. S. Goodyear, a Hastings hardware dealer, and M. L. Cook of the Hastings Banner dined at the Livingston yesterday.

If N. L. Bonton is half as good as his name, he is the best man in Pentwater. Mr. Bonton is at the Livingston.

James Dempsey, member of the defunct legislature from Marquette, was at the Morton yesterday.

O. M. Olson, a leading Big Rapids merchant, is quartered at the Livingston.

SWEET—Mark Williams, Flint.

Morton—R. R. Blacker, Manistee; J. S. Stearns, J. G. Gervais, Ludington; A. W. Wells, St. Joe; W. J. Reed, Jackson; I. Goldberg, Kalamazoo; T. E. Merfield, Detroit; Thad R. Preston, Ionia.

THE KENT—F. A. McGuffin, Jackson; M. E. Fitzpatrick, Lansing; J. W. Ferguson, Muskegon; S. J. Arner, Harbor Springs; W. W. Ferguson, Detroit; Thomas Cross, Bangor.

Eagle—Miss M. E. Bronson, Plainwell; J. M. Cullen, F. Anderson, Detroit.

Clarendon—Charles Beck, Mitford; F. M. Sprayer, Grand Haven; E. T. Harrison and wife, Coopersville; R. L. Byers, J. F. McLaughlin, Rockford; T. R. Stanton, Woodville; J. S. Wenham, Lake View.

BRIDGE STREET HOUSE—S. C. Burnham, Detroit; R. E. Hanson, Sparta; S. L. Sturtevant, Hartford; C. C. Lillie, Coopersville; H. Whitney, Cedar Springs; A. D. Goorich, Holland; Frank Wilson, Saginaw; the Rev. Julie Gould Moffett, Greenville.

Portland cats gather in the vicinity of the stable and give nightly concerts. As an evidence of their appreciation the residents of Cat alley pass their sleepless hours in showering stove-wood, etc., at the indefatigable grimalkins.

A 14-year-old girl occupied the pulpit of the Baptist church at Portland one day this week and preached to a large congregation.

BEST CLOTH.
STRONGEST MADE.
BEST FITTING.
THE LOWEST PRICES.

These are the cardinal virtues that are woven into every suit of clothes offered for sale by us. This is only possible with those who manufacture for their own trade, but is not possible unless skill, experience and taste harmonize in their making. Will you take chances on tenement house, sweat-box clothing, or go where the dressy suits come fresh from happy hearts and healthy hands in your own city?

There's but one profit between cost to make and you, and it's a modest one. There's character and style in those handsome \$10 and \$12 Men's Suits. They are created expressly for business purposes, but are dressy enough for most all occasions. There's isn't a firm in Michigan nifty enough to duplicate them for \$10.00. We'll show you the smartest lot of Scotch, Irish, English Cassimeres, Tweeds, Homespun and Cheviot Suits you ever clapped your eyes on. They express the fashion; they're in

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Donnelly
AND Jones
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RELIABLE CLOTHING
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PUSH! If You Have a Heavy Load in Front of You.
PUSH! If You Want to Get Ahead.
PUSH! If You Wish to Get to the Front.
If You Have a Good Lawn Sprinkler Tell the People About It.

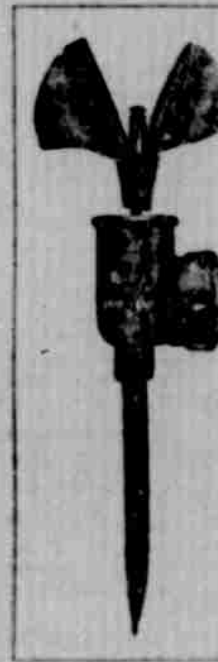
We have a good one and will tell you about the

Bonnette Hustlers.

Practical, Serviceable, Sensible, Economical. Honestly made for honest work. Will sprinkle a circle from four to forty feet in diameter and will beat the small boy out of sight.

Are You Troubled With Moles?

If you are and want to get rid of them we have a certain sure cure for them in the ENTERPRISE MOLE TRAPS. Simple in arrangement yet perfect in operation.



The Infanta Eulalia.

—USES A—

BUFFALO POACHER

If she has one in the royal kitchen, but if she has not she ought to, and undoubtedly will have one before, returning to her native land.

Our Hooks are catching the Fish. Our lines are holding them. Our Reels are drawing them in. All kinds of Wading Boots. Every variety of landing Net. All sorts of Artificial Bait are to be found at

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& CO.
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